

## America's First Railway.

THE first railroad in the United States of recorded date was put in operation at Quincy, Mass., on October 7, 1826, to transport granite three miles to tidewater. The rails were flat iron bars spiked on timbers laid on granite "sleepers," or ties, and the cars were drawn by horses.

## Read Episode Fourteen of "The Fatal Ring"—It Starts To-day



# MAGAZINE PAGE



## Venus Nearing the Earth.

VENUS is now becoming gradually more conspicuous in the western sky after sunset. During all the Autumn Venus will increase in brilliancy, as it swings away from the sun and draws nearer to the earth. The red fixed star south-east of Venus is Antares.

## How to Knit for the Soldiers

### Marjorie Rambeau Shows Just What Our Boys Abroad Will Need to Keep Warm

IN the following article, the last of the series from the pamphlet printed by "The Stage Woman's War Relief," directions are given for knitting socks and bed-sacks, of which many thousands of pairs will be needed this winter by our soldier boys on the battlefields of Europe. Whether they are fighting in the trenches or as members of the aviation corps, or are in camp or on the march, the severe weather will make heavy woollens essential to their comfort and health.

Miss Marjorie Rambeau, the Broadway star, carrying a finished pair of socks knitted for one of the American soldiers now abroad to wear this winter.



HERE are directions for knitting a medium sized man's sock requiring for each pair one and a half hanks of yarn, or three-eighths of a pound.

Set up 60 stitches, 20 on each of three needles. Knit 2 plain and 2 puri for 25 rows (4½ inches). 35th row knit 4 plain stitches, knit 2 together; repeat this until the round is completed. There are now 50 stitches on the needles. Knit 50 rows plain until leg measures 11 inches (4½ inches of plain knitting). Take half the number of stitches (25) on first needle for the heel (leaving 12 and 13 stitches on the second and third needles for the instep), and on the 25 stitches knit 1 row, puri 1 row alternately for 26 times (or 3 inches), always slipping the first stitch. Begin to turn heel on the wrong side, slip 1, puri 12, puri 2 together, puri 1. Turn work over, slip 1, knit 4, slip 1, knit 1, and pass it over slipped stitch, knit 1. Turn, slip 1, puri 5, puri 2 together, puri 1. Turn, slip 1, knit 4, slip 1, knit 1, and pass it over slipped stitch, knit 1. Continue working toward the sides of the heel in this manner, leaving 1 more stitch between decreases on every row until all the stitches are worked in. There should then be 15 stitches on the needles. Pick up 13 stitches on side of heel, now knit the 25 stitches on 2d and 3d needle on to one needle, which becomes your 2d needle; with your 2d needle pick up the 15 stitches on other side of heel and knit 2 stitches on first needle so that you will now have 21 stitches on the 1st needle, 25 stitches on the 2d needle, and 25 stitches on the 3d needle. 1st needle (a) knit to within 3 stitches of end, knit 2 together, knit 1. 2d needle (b) knit plain, 2d needle (c) knit 1, slip 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 19 stitches. Knit 2 together, knit 1, 2d needle (g) knit 1, slip 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 9 stitches, knit 2 rows plain (h). Repeat e, f, g and h 5 times, then narrow every other row until you have 5 stitches on your 1st needle, 9

stitches on your 2d needle and 4 stitches on your 3d needle. Knit the 5 stitches on your 1st needle on to your 2d. Your work is now all on 2 needles opposite each other. Break off yarn leaving 12-inch end. Thread into worsted needle and proceed to weave the front and back together as follows:

Pass worsted needle through 1st stitch of front knitting needle as if knitting and slip stitch off—pass through 2d stitch as if purling—leave stitch on, pull thread through 1st stitch off, puri thread through 2d stitch of back needle as if knitting, leave stitch on. Repeat until all the stitches are off the needle.

## DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

### By BRAM STOKER.

#### SYNOPSIS OF STORY

Jonathan Harker, a London solicitor's clerk, takes a long journey to Bistricza to see Count Dracula and arrange for the transfer of an English estate to the Count. In his diary, kept in shorthand, he gives the details of his strange trip, the latter part filled with mysterious and thrilling happenings. Upon his arrival at Castle Dracula he is met by the Count and finds himself virtually a prisoner. The castle itself is a place of mystery, with doors all barred, and no servants to be seen. The Count greets him warmly, but his strange personality and odd behavior cause Harker much alarm. In order not to arouse suspicion Harker leads the

Count to tell of his estate and of the history of his family. Under the Count orders him to write his employer he is to stay at the castle for a month. That night he sees the Count crawl down the castle wall like a lizard. A series of mysterious incidents follow, and Harker gains an idea of the "strange" character of his host. One night three women appear in his room but are driven away by the Count in a fury. Recognizing his danger he seeks to escape, but finds all avenues of escape closed, with Harker discovers the Count wounded and believes him dead. Then the strange developments are told in a series of letters which throw new light on the Count's weird personality.

PART ONE—(Continued)  
CHAPTER VII.  
Cutting from "The Dailygraph," 5 August.  
(Published in Mina Murray's Journal.)  
From a Correspondent.

One of the greatest and suddenest storms on record has just been experienced here, with results both strange and unique. The weather had been somewhat sultry, but not to any degree uncommon in the month of August. Saturday evening was as fine as was ever known, and the great body of holiday-makers laid out yesterday for visits to Muirgrave Woods, Robin Hood's Bay, Big Malt, Rums, Skelton, and the various trips in the neighborhood of Whitby. The steamers Emma and Scarborough made trips up and down the coast, and there was an unusual amount of "tripping" both to and from Whitby. The day was unusually fine till the afternoon, when some of the gossips who frequent the East Cliff churchyard, and from that commanding eminence watch the wide sweep of sea visible to the north and east, called attention to a sudden show of "mares'-tails" high in the sky to the northwest. The wind was then blowing from the southwest in the mild degree which in barometrical language is ranked "No. 2; light breeze." The consanguine on duty at once made report, and one old fisherman, who for more than half a century has kept a weather sign from the East Cliff, foretold in an emphatic manner the coming of a sudden storm.

The approach of sunset was so very beautiful, so grand in its masses of splendidly-colored clouds, that there was quite an assemblage on the walk along the cliff in the old churchyard to enjoy the beauty. Before the sun dipped below the black mass of Kettleness, standing boldly against the western sky, its downward way was marked by myriad clouds of every sunset-color—blue, purple, pink, green, violet, and all the tints of gold, with here and there masses not large, but of seemingly absolute blackness, in all sorts of shapes, as well outlined as colossal silhouettes. The experience was not lost on the painters, and doubtless some of the sketches of the "Fetters to the Great Storm" will grace the R. A. and R. I. walls in May next. More than one captain made up his mind then and there that his "cobbler" or his "mule," as they term the different classes of boats, would remain in the harbor till the storm had passed. The wind fell away entirely during the evening, and at midnight there was a dead calm, a heavy fog, and that prevailing intensity which, on the approach of thunder, affects persons of a sensitive nature.

A SOLITARY VESSEL ACTS STRANGELY IN FACE OF STORM.  
There were but few lights in sight at sea, for even the coasting steamers, which usually "hug" the shore so closely, kept well to seaward, and

but few fishing boats were in sight. The only sail noticeable was a foreign schooner with all sails set, which was charmingly going westward. The foolhardiness or ignorance of her officers was a prolific theme for comment whilst she remained in sight, and efforts were made to signal her to reduce sail in face of her danger. Before the night shut down she was seen with sails idly flapping as she gently rolled on the undulating swell of the sea.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Shortly before ten o'clock the stillness of the air grew quite oppressive, and the silence was so marked that the bleating of a sheep inland or the barking of a dog in the town was distinctly heard, and the band on the pier, with its lively French air, was like a discord in the great harmony of nature's silence. A little after midnight came a strange sound from over the sea, and high overhead the air began to carry a strange, faint, hollow booming.

Then without warning the tempest broke. With a rapidity which, at the time, seemed incredible, and even afterward is impossible to realize, the whole aspect of nature at once became convulsive. The waves rose in growing fury, each overlapping its fellow, till in a very few minutes the lately glassy sea was like a roaring and devouring monster. Whitecrested waves beat madly on the level sands and rushed up the shelving cliffs, and others broke over the pier, and with their spume swept the lanterns of the lighthouses which rise from the end of either pier of Whitby Harbor.

The wind roared like thunder, and blew with such force that it was with difficulty that even strong men kept their feet, or clung with grim clasp to the iron stanchions. It was found necessary to clear the entire pier from the mass of onlookers, or else the fatalities of the night would have been increased manifold. To add to the difficulties and dangers of the time, masses of sea-fog came drifting inland—white wet clouds, which swept by in ghostly fashion, so dark and damp and cold that they seemed but little effort of imagination to think that the spirits of those lost at sea were touching their living brethren with the clammy hands of death, and many a one shuddered at the wreaths of sea-mist swept by.

At times the mist cleared, and the sea for some distance could be seen in the glare of the lightning, which now came thick and fast, followed by the peals of thunder that the whole sky overhead seemed trembling under the shock of the footsteps of the storm.

What women do admire in men and what women were wise to admire in men is, alas, not always one and the same thing. Poets have indicated with varying emphasis what the ideal of man is. Browning has said it rather well on various occasions. Once he writes of his ideal:

"Learning anew the use of soldiership.  
Self-abnegation freedom from all fear.  
Loyalty to the life's end."  
And again he has said:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward.  
Never doubtful clouds would break.  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
Wrong would triumph.  
Held we fast to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake."

There we have indicated a splendid set of characteristics and qualities that the ideal of man is. Bravery, willingness to be disciplined and take orders; unselfishness and loyalty—the courage to go on with undertakings; the optimism to face temporary defeat; the idealism to believe in the good, and the

## Strange Memories

### Some Old Women Make Old Age Beautiful, but This One Represents Only the Pathos of Failure

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE



WHEN you are looking for them you can see many pictures as you walk along the streets. The one above I have tried to draw just as I saw it.

There are some old women who make old age beautiful—an inspiration to youth and prime. But this old woman was not one of them. She was the kind whose image the fastidious blot quickly from mind—old age at its lowest physical ebb, and with none of its spiritual assets. Ragged, forlorn, unclean, with protruding lip and sunken eyes, a woman who had lost out in life on many counts. All the pathos of failure—a failure too utter for

youth to bear to contemplate. She stood gazing at a windowful of Fall millinery, her dull eyes lighting with a momentary interest. What were her thoughts, I wonder, as she looked upon those trifles so dear to her heart in her youth and beauty? Did they typify to her mind a delusion and a snare—a will-o'-the-wisp pleasure that had been her undoing? Or was her interest merely a last flickering spark at the shrine of her old idol? What sort of a lost opportunity did she shuffle off down the street, occasionally being from a passer-by—the light gone from her clouded eyes.

## The Fatal Ring

(Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")  
By Fred Jackson.

Episode 14.  
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HORRIFIED, fascinated, the passengers on board the big Hudson River boat leaned over the rail—drawn in spite of themselves. They saw Pearl inside the huge paddle-wheel—revolving with it, while the "Spider" and Tom struggled in the water. And as the helpless girl was buffeted about from one blade-like spoke to the next, women fainting, and men shouting out for the machinery to be halted.

In the water, Tom too, was crying out with all the strength he could muster.

"Stop the boat! Stop the boat!" It seemed years before the news of the accident reached the captain. In reality, however, only a moment or two elapsed before he was ringing the bell that signalled the engine room to act.

At that particular instant, strange enough, the engineer was not on the job. Ordinarily, he never left his post during the boat's run. But on this trip, something had gone wrong with the steam chest, and he was working over it with a huge wrench in his hand when the unexpected signal to "lay to" sounded in his ears.

Startled, taken unawares, he turned swiftly to make sure that the bell had actually rung and that he had not been deceived. As he turned he unwittingly moved the hand that held the wrench, with both loosening a screw on the steam-chest and permitting such a volume of steam to escape that when he turned back he caught the burning stream full in the face and leaped back blinded.

And now one catastrophe speedily followed another. As he retreated before the hot steam, with both hands shielding his eyes, he staggered backward into the walking-gear, which fell him instantly.

## A STORY OF ADVENTURE, MYSTERY AND THRILL

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 14.  
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Series of Accidents.  
Bleeding, blinded, unconscious, he lay inert upon the floor of the engine room, while above the passengers cried out impatiently and the huge paddle-wheel continued to revolve with Pearl a prisoner inside it.

"Stop the boat!" shouted the women over and over again. "Stop the boat!"

"She'll be killed!" cried a man, hiding his face.

The Captain, astonished to find his order apparently ignored, rang the signal bell again. But the engineer, still lying motionless underneath the machinery, did not even hear now.

However, Tom was swimming nearer and nearer to the big boat with sure, firm strokes.

"Hang on!" he cried to Pearl.

And he swung himself up the side and began to climb over the rail. The "Spider" followed close behind him, both aided by the nearest passengers.

A thousand questions were shouted at them. A thousand suggestions were offered. But Tom had no time to waste. Forcing his way through the excited mob, he dashed toward the engine room, followed by the "Spider" and a few others.

The first thing they saw, as they entered, was the engineer, unconscious and bleeding. The "Spider" and some of the passengers rushed to his aid, but Tom looked about him, thinking only of Pearl and seeking some means of saving her.

Tom Acts at Once.  
He heaped a wrench on the floor—the huge wrench with which the engineer had been working. Seizing it swiftly, he lifted it and brought it down with a terrific

## Advice to the Lovelorn

### By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

You Must Decide.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I am 24. I am going with a young man who is four years my junior. We both love each other and he has asked me to marry him, and while I have not refused, I merely intimated that I might some day give him up, but would I be justified in marrying him at his age (26)? Please believe me when I say he is sensible for his age and even looks older. He does not seem to think the age makes any difference, but I do, and I would not care to wait too long as I am not so young. This is kind of hard to say even in writing, but I am going to be frank—I just love children and do not want to wait until I am too old. I certainly intend to abide by your advice even if you suggest to part with me. I understand time cures such wounds.

IRENE R.

This is one of those problems which no outsider has a right to try to solve. The fact that you are four years older than the man you love does not count. If you were twenty, and he twenty-four, I would definitely advise you to go ahead and seek happiness together. As it

## What Women Admire in Men

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"I HAVE been a constant reader of your articles and Advice to the Lovelorn for years. But this is my first opportunity to ask for advice—and now I want to ask you to write an article on 'What Women Most Admire in Men.'"  
(Signed) M. F. N.

MY correspondent is a non-committal person who does not tell me either through writing or the way the question is put, whether I am being asked for advice by a woman who wants to know what to do, or by a man who wants to know what to do. I shall therefore give an honest standard of measure.

What women do admire in men and what women were wise to admire in men is, alas, not always one and the same thing. Poets have indicated with varying emphasis what the ideal of man is. Browning has said it rather well on various occasions. Once he writes of his ideal:

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There we have indicated a splendid set of characteristics and qualities that the ideal of man is. Bravery, willingness to be disciplined and take orders; unselfishness and loyalty—the courage to go on with undertakings; the optimism to face temporary defeat; the idealism to believe in the good, and the

sanity to recognize that we rise through effort.

A man with these qualities would be splendid to the point of magnificence, absolutely trustworthy and fully meriting faith and devotion. But he might not be lovable.

Fascination and charm belong often to the completely unworthy. Because of this, women throw away their lives for scoundrels who return complete unfaith for devotion, and cruelty for love.

If women brought wisdom into their loving there are certain definite tests they would insist that a man pass before they permit him to enter the citadel of their hearts.

A man must possess certain basic qualities before there can be happiness in loving him. To love a man who is crippled or deformed is perfectly sane and wise. To love a man who has not the health of decency and clean living is insane. To love a drunkard, a brute or a man who is surly and cruelly Moody means to endure all through life the disadvantages and disabilities of his disposition.

George Eliot once wrote that a woman's life is made for her by the love she accepts. We moderns insist on modifying that a little, for we know that any human being can rise above unhappiness and disappointments to a full realization and expression of his own strength. And now let us list the qualities that we have called "the matrimonial examination," in which 150 was the highest obtainable, and it took 100 to pass at all, 110 to pass with credit, and 125 to pass with honors. Here it is:

Health, 35; disposition, 15; ability to make money, 15; common sense, 15; conscientiousness, 10; temperance, 10; reliability, 10; capability of affection, 10; unselfishness, 10; honor, 10; cleverness, 10; education, 5; general appearance, 5.

A queer list that seems at first glance, with Honor ranked at only ten while Disposition, money-making ability and common sense each got five more points apiece. But a man who is well, whose disposition is pleasant and who possesses common sense is likely to have at once too much decency, sanity and self respect to stoop to dishonorable means of getting on in the world. Health, plus business efficiency, plus amiability, decency and good morals are all so important that education and looks hardly count at all.

A man who is mentally clean and sturdy, whose body has not been idly dissipated and who has a keen mind, decent principles, fine feelings and tenderness will be to the woman efficient, plus amiability, decency and good morals are all so important that education and looks hardly count at all.

A good man does not force his will on the weak, nor cringe before the strong. Strength is not to be found in bullying nor in weakness a matter of yielding to superior judgment.

Before the woman lets her love for a man be a determining factor in her life she should be assured that he possesses strength and determination.

There is a definition of "goodness" which a great financier once wrote: "A good man can win the girl; a King on his feet and women on his knees; loves children and horses; is sorry for his own ugliness and glad for the other fellow's bigness; measures his wants by his possessions and the necessities of his friends; hears Country when she calls; guards well his dreams; does not try to rewrite the Ten Commandments, and is ready and willing at all times to shake hands with Death."

The woman who loves and is loved by a man like that, has the nearest thing to a written guarantee of happiness that life has ever been known to give.

I wonder how many of you would be interested in my ideas of what men admire in women?